

A

## REVIEW

OF THE

## STATE

OF THE

## BRITISH NATION.

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Thursday, January 12. 1710.

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**L**ET no Man wonder, that in my last *Reviews* I address'd this Paper to the Parliament of *England*: Two Things make it reasonable.

*First*, The Justice and Honour of the Cause. *Secondly*, The Fury and Rage of the Enemy.

It is a Test of the Honour and Justice of the Cause I am upon, that it dare appear at the Bar of the *House of Commons*; I presume, it is not simply a Crime. In it self, for an *English* Man humbly and respectfully to represent to the Representatives of his Country, the Grievances, or any of the Grievances, which they labour under—  
The Crime must lie, either in the Manner

or Matter of the Representation. The *Commons of Britain* are the Representative of the Freeholders and Freemen, who have a Right of being represented and of electing—I have both a Native and an acquir'd Right of Election in more than one Place in *Britain*, and as such, am a Part of the Body that Honourable *House* represents; and from hence (I believe) tho' that is not the Argument I insist on, may claim a Right in due Manner, to represent, complain, address, or petition them.

But a right Cause is still a better, a more honourable, and more acceptable Plea. The Doors of the *House of Commons* are open to the whole Nation; Every Oppression flies hither for Relief; every Injustice obtains Redress.

Redress here, and especially here, every Invasion of Property, every Breach of the Subjects Liberties, every Attack made upon our Constitution, meets with a vigorous, a steady, and a constant Opposition. The *Commons of Britain* are the Sanctuary of *British Privileges*, and there they are kept safe, whole, and undiminish'd. — Does a Party of *High-Flyers* attack the Measure of our Submission, or of the Government's Authority? Do F...s and K...s attempt to frighten one, and extend the other? Does the furious Firebrand attack the Rule of Submission, deny us the Right of Self-Defence, and condemn the Claim of the Parliament, to limit the Succession of the Crown? — Here is our Resource; That the Parliament will brand the very Principle, and padlock the Mouths of the saucy Pretenders to *Divine Right*; a Chimera thrust into the World as a poisonous Potion, that works by stupifying the Senses, and dozing Mankind, that dreaming of the *Glory of Bondage*, they might submit to absurd Tyranny.

It cannot be offensive to the *House*, that I apply to them with this humble Motion,

so much as the *Welfare of Britain* depends upon it; and I think, it is so much my Duty, and every honest Man's Duty and Concern to get this Enemy crush'd, That be it, that they please but to go through *Stitch with the Work*, they shall sacrifice Me instead of the *High-Flying Doctor*, when they please.

It is not necessary, that this or that Man should live; it is not necessary, that the *House* should push at this or that Person; but it is absolutely necessary, that the Principles of absolute Government, the Doctrine of Non-Resistance, and the scandalous Jest of the *Divine Right of Personal Hereditary Succession to the Government*, should be condemn'd and exploded by Parliament, and so bury'd in this Nation, as never to be brought to Light again among us.

Without this we cannot subsist as a Government; Tyranny flows in of Course; for Passive-Obedience as certainly implies a Tyrant, as Non-Resistance implies a Fool. 'Tis the greatest Piece of incongruous Non-sense, that ever was put into Language. — And also Religion, let us see, how it agrees with a Possibility of Salvation.

*Who e're for Passive-Doctrines would appear,  
Will gain but very few Believers here  
Plain Arguments will run their Sense a-ground,  
Their own Examples their Pretence confound.  
For where's the Man with Passive Zeal o're-grown,  
That cares to make a Foot-stool to a Throne;  
That for the Crown would his own Life despise,  
And calmly make himself the Sacrifice;  
That to obey the Prince's high Command  
Would bow his willing Neck to his destroying Hand;  
Would his Obedience to his Life prefer,  
And be himself the Executioner?*

*Some have been so absurd as to bring in  
Divine Commands concurring with the Sin;  
That Heaven the High Performance so requires,  
And God Himself commands, what e'er the Prince desires,  
And be that disobeys the Heavenly Voice,  
Is damn'd of Course, and goes to Hell by Choice.  
But here the Contradiction is so plain,  
No Room for Possibilities remain;*



For then Mankind may come to such a Case,  
 He may be damn'd in Spight of Sov'reign Grace  
*Suppose the Tyrant dooms the Wretch to die,*  
*And bids him hang himself; if he'll obey,*  
*Let Mankind answer for his future State,*  
*'Tis my Opinion, all Men know his Fate.*  
*This Doctrine damns him too if he refuse,*  
*Th' Unhappy Wretch is left no Room to chuse;*  
*Fate has hedg'd up his undirected Way,*  
*He dies if he'll refuse, he's damn'd if he'll obey.*

Shall any Man then suppose, that an humble Application to the Commons of Britain, to entreat them to condemn such a sordid, brutish, unchristian Doctrine as this, inconsistent with Government, with Humanity, and with Religion, can be offensive to them? It cannot be.

The next Thing, I am to observe, is the Seasonableness of the Application; and this I draw from the Fury and Madness, Rage and Destruction of the Party, at this surprizing Attack made upon their great Favourite and Champion Dr. Sacheverell.

And what are the proper Inferences to be drawn from this Fury of the Party, but such as these?

1. They are near their End, met in Fevers, RAVE just before they expire. The Devil rages, when he knows his Time is but short. The High-Flyers, like their Confederates the French King, seeing themselves at the Brink of Destruction, and their Cause in a Manner overthrown, put out their utmost Efforts, and exert their last Strength—And what is the just

ference of that? Even the same the Confederates make of the other, augment their Troops, hasten their Preparations, strengthen their Frontiers, and keep him down while he is down.

2. They acknowledge the Badness of their Cause——Passion and Fire is a certain Token of a baffled Party, as well as a baffled Argument——Let them rave——But their Cause is at the Bar of the House of Commons, now let it be try'd——'Tis not Sacheverell that is to be try'd; 'tis not one Farthing Matter what the House did with him, a poor contemptible noisive Body, that is as inconsistent in his Divinity, as he was in his Mathematicks, and whose Arguments cohere, just as his *two Parallel Lines met in the Center.*

But the Tryal at the Bar of the House of Lords will consist of other Things; and in my next I shall shew you what a Crowd of Traytors will be arraign'd at the Bar of the House—and I doubt not they will receive their Doom there.

## MISCELLANEA.

Gentlemen, you that have long, long expected, and to whom I have often promis'd, I would turn this Paper to the Affairs of Trade, I think, I ought to confess to you, that I have not been so good as my Word; but what shall I say to Foreign Invasions, Mock Persecutions, Pulpit

Distractions, and a thousand Party Lunatics, that take up the Year so continually, that a Man cannot get one Cause dismiss'd, but another starts up in its Room, and there is no Room for any thing but Strife and Contention among us.

And



And now the *House* is come to sit again, it would be useful to talk of Trade a little—Where shall I begin? We have our Trading Madnesses, as well as our State Madnesses; and which are less ridiculous, I hardly know. Here you have your Stock-jobbing Cheats, your *Africa*-Trade Ruiners, your Mine-Adventure Pick-pockets, your Letter of *Mart* Thieves, your Knavish Debtors, murdering Creditors, Man-Eating, Usuring-Bill, Discounting, Pawn-taking Extortioners. Where shall I begin?

Here you run down Credit to buy Stock, and run it up again to sell—Tell bad News before 'tis true, and make good News, that will never be true, to raise or fall the World a Half per Cent. Here Men are for destroying a Trade to put down a Company—and give away the Colony to secure the Commerce—There they complain of planting Indigo in *Africa*, because we haven't enough at *Jamaica*, and are afraid we should bring Cotton and Pepper from thence, rather than from the *East-Indies*—Shall we talk of Mine-Adventureurs, and examine, how they publish Vouchers for their own Honesty?—How hard will it be to say, that there was any Honesty in the very Fundamental Project?—And if ever it be found, I fear, it must, like the *Silver in the Lead*, be extracted by Fire—Will you go to Sea in a Letter of *Mart*-Ship, rob Friends, murder in cold Blood, Enemies, take Neutral Ships, turn universal Pirate, and run away to *Madagascar*? Shall we examine forlorn Bankrupts, that swear they give up All, and reserve Half, by which honest Men after them fare the harder; & contra, Cruel, inexorable, implacable Creditors, who pursue to Death, will have more than All, and rejoice in the Destruction of Wives and Children—To say Nothing of the Extortioning Folks, for *Want of Rocks*, while this is the Case, where shall the poor Author, of this Paper begin?—But I'll be among you, Gentlemen, all in your Order.

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